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Literature

"Emerson in Concord" *

EMERSON'S SON has written a very interesting book about his father, with the purpose of indicating more fully than has hitherto been done the character of his life as 'the citizen and villager and householder, the friend and neighbor.' 'It has been the good and time-honored practice,' he says, 'of the Social Circle to preserve in its book as true a picture as may be of the life of each departed member. Thus the task fell to me of writing for the chronicles of his village club the story of my father. I write for my father's neighbors and near friends, though I include many who perhaps never saw him.' The Social Circle of Concord originated at the time of the Revolution, and was at first simply a committee of safety in those times which tried men's souls. At the close of the war it was continued as a village improvement society, and as a means of social reunion. The membership is limited to twenty-five, but it has included nearly all the men of most importance in the history of the town. Its habit in preserving a biography of each of its members, written after his death by the survivor most intimately associated with him, has been the means of collecting much of the anecdote and inner life of the town. The intimacy of the club membership permits of a confidential detailing of biographical facts not otherwise permissible. From these records Mr. Frank B. Sanborn drew much of the gossip and anecdote of Concord life contained in his book on Thoreau. For this club of intimate friends Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson wrote the paper given to the public in the present volume. In a most admirable way it corrects what is the chief defect in the biography of Emerson written by his life-long friend, James Elliot Cabot. The first part of that biography is most interesting, and gives the necessary details of his daily life; but after he had actively entered on his career it does little more than to bring forth passages from his diaries, and leaves out the human element, that is most necessary in order to understand him as a man. The last volume, especially, is little more than a repetition of a volume of his essays, and is barren of the qualities desirable in a biography. The present work supplements and corrects it in a delightful fashion.

Modest as is Mr. Edward Emerson's statement of his own purpose, his book will do far more than Mr. Cabot's to make its subject truly known to the public. He gives just that kind of information about his father which is most desirable in order to bring him into close sympathy with his readers and admirers. Emerson as a man was all that his most earnest admirer could desire, and this is shown throughout the present work in the accounts given of his family life, and of his life as a villager and townsman. It is not meant by this that he was a perfect human being, but that there was nothing inconsistent in his career. What he is in his books that he was in his life in Concord, for he did not preach one thing and live another. Many things about his teachings which have not been clearly understood are in this book justly interpreted, and by one who has had every opportunity of knowing his father's mind and heart. His attitude towards religion and its institutions is correctly defined; and it is shown why he was reluctant to take part in the reforms of his day. Many of the errors into which the public has fallen about him are also corrected. The book abounds in anecdotes illustrating his relations to his fellow-beings in all the varied circumstances of life; and many of these are well fitted to interpret his life for the reader who has been misled by an inattentive reading of his essays. In fact, here is the real Emerson as he has not before been presented to the public. It is necessary to know him as he is here presented, in order fully to understand his essays; and from this gossiping account of him much new light in all directions will be shed upon his books. Every reader of Mr. Cabot's biography ought to supplement it by this little book, for he will get more of the genuine Emerson out of it than from the whole of the former work.

* Emerson in Concord. A Memoir written for the 'Social Circle' in Concord, Massachusetts. By Edward Waldo Emerson. $1.75. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Marion Crawford's "Sant' Ilario" *

THERE is plenty of melodrama in Mr. Crawford's new Roman novel, but the melodramatic Italian is conspicuous by his absence. We may guess how Stendhal would charge the lineaments of the inn-keeping Marchese di San Giacinto, how he would cunningly add shade to shade in deepening the mystery of the duellist Spicca's existence, what a world of intrigue would precede and follow the taking-off of the avaricious old Prince Montevarchi. But Mr. Crawford either knows his Rome better, or is better satisfied to take it as it is. He is careful to explain, before he gets far into his narrative, that many of the features of Italian life which seem inexplicable to foreigners are but due to the simplicity of the Italian character. With the people of the peninsula impulse is a strong spring, which uncoils itself unchecked because it sets but few wheels in motion. These people are indolent of mind, and seldom develop an elaborate scheme of any sort, or even take the trouble to amuse themselves at others' expense. But, for the same reason, they do not draw back or turn aside when they have entered unreflectingly on any course of action. Hence they do the strangest things from the most inadequate motives. What a torrent-like passion a writer of the old romantic school would have ascribed to the ethereal Donna Faustina, who follows her lover into the streets and through the revolutionary mob; what staunch old Roman heroism to Sant' Ilario, who, to get her released from prison, accuses himself of her father's murder. But, in Mr. Crawford's hands, Sant' Ilario is merely very much in love with his wife, and childishly anxious to please her by saving her friend from the consequences of official stupidity; and Donna Faustina's romance is based simply on an every-day love affair with an every-day Papal Zouave, and on a very common ignorance of the world. So with Sant' Ilario's jealousy: nothing could well be more natural, or more consistent; and from first to last the shabby old forger, Meschini, whether copying precious manuscripts in Montevarchi's library, playing chess or buying chemicals from the half-starved apothecary near the Ponte Quattro Capi, forging legal documents for his employer, or trying to keep up his shattered nerves, after committing the murder, with opium by night and brandy by day seems as 'realistic' as a figure in a series of flash-light photographs, but not any more real. There is no mystery, no horror, even when he picks up Donna Faustina's handkerchief with which to throttle the old prince. He had raised his hand in anger at being refused the pay for his forgeries, and the murderous impulse had to be worked out to the end before he can lower it again. This photographic quality in the picture, the feeling that all is shown and none remains behind, would, perhaps, be rather distressing at the end, if the author had constructed a regular plot with a set induction and denouement. But he begins not at the beginning,

* Sant' Ilario. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

and while one set of events comes to a close in the middle of the volume, another, no less interesting, is broken short off at the finish, so that he is enabled to promise us—taking a hint, in this, from the romantisists—a sequel.

The present volume recounts the fortunes of the Saracinesca and the Montevarchi at the time of the first Garibaldian invasion. We follow the Papal Zouaves to the attack of Mentana, and get a glimpse of Cardinal Antonelli's patriarchal mode of government. In the sequel, we are promised a more variegated background in the blaze of glory of the Œcumenical Council, the fall of the temporal power, and the confusion and social transformation which followed. It strikes us that Mr. Crawford should make much of that background. Surrounded with the pomp and circumstance of events of world-wide importance, his Roman aristocrats may figure impressively. In their private relations, they do not appear so interesting as the average novel-reader would like them to be.

Mr. Bigelow's "Emanuel Swedenborg"*

'EMANUEL SWEDENBORG: Servus Domini,' by John Bigelow, is a brief biography of that great religious teacher, a biography in which all the salient features of his life are distinctly presented, and in which his relations to his time are carefully discussed. It is also an exposition and a defence of his religious teachings, by one who sees in him a new prophet of the one great spiritual faith of Christendom. The author claims that he was not a mere enthusiast, but a man of sound intellectual judgment and a scientist who followed the most exacting methods. He also sees in Swedenborg an ethical writer who has no peer outside the Bible, and the man who has defined more clearly than any other the boundaries which divide the right from the wrong. He dwells also upon the consistency shown throughout Swedenborg's many volumes, which, while touching upon every spiritual subject, never contradict each other or show any degree of inconsistency. This little book is well adapted to introduce the inquiring reader to a knowledge of the great modern seer. It attempts to reconcile the teachings of Swedenborg with the teachings of Christianity and modern science, a task not easily accomplished at all points; but what he did aim at and accomplish is very distinctly brought out, in so far as he presented a new form of spiritual belief. That Swedenborg has largely influenced the religious life and thought of the present time there can be no doubt, and in many ways that are not usually recognized even by the theologians. He has done more than any other person to give a more rational and a more natural conception of the future life, and the influence of his thought is felt where even his name is unknown. The book is written in a pleasing manner, and its enthusiastic tone adds to its interest rather than detracts from its value. The appendix contains a list of Swedenborg's seventy-two published works.

Schipper's "Englische Metrik"†

SCHIPPER'S now well-known and exhaustive treatise on English rhythms historically and systematically treated reaches its conclusion in the 500-page volume before us. Never before have English rhythms been treated so fully, so clearly, and so scientifically. In all, 1500 octavo pages have been devoted by the Vienna professor to this subject—more than Guest, Mayor, and Skeat combined. A learning that seems limitless in its own special field has been consecrated to the anatomizing of English verse, a spying into its skeleton structure, a tracing of its sources in Anglo-Saxon, Italian, and French art. The work is the apotheosis of the dissertation. Given a particular theme, and the German university student will go to work with boundless patience and win his Ph. D. by it, or—*ruat cælum!* The German university professor is just the university student over again, only on an enlarged scale—a scale of miles rather than inches,—in a larger region, with a wider outlook, a fixed salary, and an established position. He sets himself a life-task, and then he sits down to it with a deliberation worthy of Cato—or Cleopatra. The result is monumental works like Schipper's 'Metrik,' or Kluge's 'Wörterbuch,' or Mommsen's Roman History. The method may be all wrong, the work may be begun at the wrong end—the star may be looked at through the big end of the telescope,—the style may lack vitality and charm: it flows on all the same with a Parcæ-like tenacity until the pen or the penman drops. Dr. Schipper has fortunately lived to complete his task. So far as tracing with great historical accuracy all the protean forms of English verse is concerned—their structure, architecture, science—his work is a triumph of pertinacity and skill. Whether, apart from this kind of knowledge, he really understands English verse at all, is quite open to question. A man who ignores Matthew Arnold, censures some of the loveliest lines of Wordsworth, skips Keats to revel (in the index) in Mrs. Hemans, finds 'offense' in a noble sestet of Theodore Watts, and is even vexed by Swinburne's 'incorrect (?) cæsuras,' lays himself, or at least that very essential part of himself in this connection, his *ear*, liable to very serious criticism. Some of Marlowe's beautiful verses wound the delicate sensibility of this critic, who prefers the hexameters of Longfellow to those of Clough, thinks 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' are written in iambic measures, and fancies that 'tears' and 'hearse' rhyme in a poem of Marston's! The book is a masterpiece of the mechanical criticism of the day, whose Alexandrian purism, not content with the beauty and glory of Parnassus, must needs build a *gradus* up to its top, see whence its shine, and examine its light spectroscopically.

Minor Notices

THE 'LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE,' written from 1826 to 1836, mostly to his brother John, have been edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton in a volume uniform with the early letters and the correspondence with Goethe. It is quite true that Mr. Froude made sad work in printing these letters, but Mr. Eliot seems to take great satisfaction in showing up the errors of a brother workman. If his pleasure in drubbing Froude were not made quite so evident, his own labors as an editor would show with a better grace. These letters are very interesting, and they open to us an important era in Carlyle's life. Soon after they began he was married, established a home on a farm, and began his literary work in earnest, and before the volume closes he is in London, hard at work in making a footing for himself there. They make it very plain that his literary style was not a mere affectation, or the result of his German studies. It was quite natural to him—in part a growth of his own genius, in part an inheritance from his father and the Scotch surroundings of his boyhood, and in part a result of his speculative conceptions. In some of these letters it is as fully developed as in 'Sartor Resartus,' and it appears in a form as incisive, as quaint and as original. Another thing of much interest these letters show: his intimate sympathy with his family, his love for his mother, his confidential relations with his brother, and his strong affection for his wife. ($2.50. Macmillan & Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED two works treating of Froebel and the methods of education that he devised. The first is the 'Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel,' translated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore; the second a work on 'The Child and Child Nature,' by the Baroness Marenholz-Buelow, translated by Alice M. Christie. ($1.50.) The autobiography was never completed, and unfortunately does not cover the period of Froebel's greates activity as a teacher, and therefore gives us only a glimpse of his educational system. It is very interesting, however, as showing us a somewhat peculiar and yet in the main noble character. Froebel did not find his true vocation of teacher till he had tried several others with indifferent success, but when he did find it he threw himself into it with the greatest ardor, as his own account abundantly shows. The work of the Baroness Buelow is designed as an exposition of Froebel's system, and treats more particularly of the exercises and songs that he prepared for mothers to use in bringing up and teaching their children. It serves well as a supplement to the autobiography, giving us the very information which readers of that book will desire for a fuller understanding of Froebel's work. Both

* Emanuel Swedenborg: Servus Domini. By John Bigelow. 50 cts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Modern English Metrik. Part II. Second Division: Strophic Structure. By Dr. J. Schipper. $4.10. New York: B. Westermann & Co.

books are disfigured by long expositions of his mystical philosophy, which is of no real value, and has no visible connection with his system of education. But they show, probably as well as books can show, what the man and his system really were, and for that reason will be useful to educators. To our mind his system is altogether too much of a system—too formal and artificial to be adopted entire, though there are elements in it of considerable value. (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.)

BOOKS AND ARTICLES on 'trusts' and monopolies multiply apace, and if talk could settle the difficulties which such combinations give rise to, they would soon be settled. The latest essay of the kind that we have seen is a small volume on 'Monopolies and the People,' by Charles W. Baker, in which the author gives an account of the origin and growth of the combinations in question, and then attempts to furnish a remedy for their abuses. He writes in a quiet tone and with an evident desire to be fair to all parties. The remedies he proposes are, however, of a kind that is not likely to find favor with the American people nor with the best economists, involving as they do too much government interference with industry. Thus, he recommends that the United States shall buy up all the railroads, and then lease them to private companies, fares and tariffs to be fixed by government authority, etc.; and he would treat other industrial combinations in a similar way. He seems never to have thought out what the actual effects of such a course would be. ($1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'THE JEW IN ENGLISH FICTION,' by Rabbi David Philipson, is a judicious study of the Jewish character as presented by the great English poets and novelists. The authors he selects are Marlowe, Shakspeare, Cumberland, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli and George Eliot. He finds that these writers too often portray an impossible Jew, one either too bad to have existed anywhere or else too good to be natural. The Jew has been a stock character with literary men, little attempt being made to understand him as he is. The early writers made him unnaturally mean, and showed nothing but prejudice in conceiving his character. Then came Scott and Dickens, who were too sentimental in their estimate of him, and though trying to be truthful did not understand him sufficiently well to describe him as he actually is. George Eliot is highly praised for making the utmost effort to be truthful, which she was in almost every particular. The book is a most interesting literary study, critical, earnest, and showing a fine cosmopolitan spirit. It proves that the old spirit of intolerance is gradually dying out, and that the Jew is coming to treat others in a liberal spirit, and to be treated by others with consideration and respect. ($1. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.)

'ELI AND SIBYL JONES: Their Life and Work,' by Rufus M. Jones, is the biography of two preachers among the Friends. As husband and wife they labored in the closest harmony of spirit and purpose, and were everywhere warmly welcomed among their co-religionists. They lived on a farm in Maine, where they were leaders in the meeting and in the town; but they went on frequent missionary tours to various countries of Europe, to Liberia and Palestine. In Palestine they were very active in establishing schools, and Eli Jones visited that country several times. Their career shows a stern and yet a beautiful devotion to Christian duty, and a great eagerness to serve their fellow-beings. Eli Jones is yet living, an honored patriarch among his people. ($1.50. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.)——'THE TRADE OF AUTHORSHIP,' by Wolstan Dixey, is intended as a guide for literary beginners. It contains much important information which will be found useful or suggestive, arranged under three heads—the author's market, his trade and his life. The advice given concerning the preparation of matter for the press, and the selling of it, contains nothing new; but it presents the facts in concise and forcible language. Perhaps the most important part of the book is that treating of the author's life and how he may care for his health. Much of the information given in the book ought to have been learned otherwise, but many aspirants may profit by it. The book has gone into a second edition. (Brooklyn: Wolstan Dixey.)

'THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN MINISTRY' is a little book in which the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, Mich., shows why young men and women should become preachers of the Unitarian body. It is a well written statement of the merits of the liberal ministry for college graduates, and the opportunities for usefulness it presents. The book also defends the ministry of woman, and shows why they should be admitted to pulpits with as much readiness as men. Mr. Sunderland shows a broad and earnest spirit, and defends the ministry as being most important to the true development of modern society. (25 cts. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.)——'PLAIN TALKS with Young Home Makers,' by F. McCready Harris ('Hope Ledyard'), gives much sound and wholesome advice about the making and the keeping of a home. It is a book which might advantageously be put into the hands of every bride and every young woman about to become a housekeeper; and many older women could profit by it not a little. The counsel given is always of a practical kind, and such as can be applied anywhere and everywhere; and much of it is of the utmost importance to comfort, health and happiness. These talks are plain, direct and sincere, but none too much so; and their spirit is thoroughly noble and womanly. The advice of most importance is that to young mothers, and that about the moral training of children. (40 cts. Cassell & Co.)

THE LATEST questions relating to human speech and human races are discussed in a most interesting fashion in the small brochure of 73 pages, entitled 'Three lectures on the Science of Language and its Place in General Education,' by Prof. Max Müller. The lectures were delivered at the Oxford University Extension Meeting in 1889. They treat of the nature and origin of speech, of roots and derivatives, of dialects and slang, of families of languages and races of men, and, in particular, of the Aryan family and race, its various subdivisions, and its probable birthplace in Central Asia. All these much-discussed subjects are reviewed with the author's usual liveliness of touch and wealth of illustration. What will specially interest American scholars is the fact that this eminent authority now renounces the opinion which, in common with most European philologists, he has heretofore held—that ethnological race and linguistic race are utterly distinct,—and adopts frankly and fully what may be styled the American view, on which the work of our Bureau of Ethnology is conducted,—the view which holds that 'the only possible division of the human race is that which is based on language.' The arguments in favor of this view are presented at much length, and with great clearness and force. 70 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)

MR. J. M. EMERSON'S 'European Glimpses and Glances' is the well-named and well-written account of a hasty travel across the Atlantic which we have learned to expect from old gentlemen globe-trottically inclined. It is not a 'deep-sea sounding' in any sense: no 'depths' whatever are sounded: and yet the result is an agreeable, entertaining book that may be read in an hour or two and serve to refresh the old stager in his reminiscences of times gone by. *En route* the author met Laurence Oliphant and Miss Rosamond Dale Owen. The Rhine scenery, Switzerland, the dead-alive cities of upper Italy, and Paris come in for brief notes. The author found Cologne the hardest place in the world to find genuine *cologne* in. ($1. Cassell & Co.)

PART I. of 'North American Birds,' by H. Nehrling, with chromolithographic plates after water-color drawings by Prof. Robert Ridgway, contains the chapters on our American thrushes, including the wood thrush, veery, Bicknell's gray-cheeked thrush, the olive-backed thrush, the hermit thrush, the varied thrush, and a chapter on the mocking-bird. A full and circumstantial account is given of the habits and peculiarities of each bird, much material being drawn from the works of living observers, like Burroughs. The plates seem intended to do double duty, in some German edition and in this. They have little or no connection with the text which they accompany, the frontispiece of Part I. being the Anna humming-bird and the other plates containing neither thrush, robin nor mocking-bird. Both coloring and drawing are crude and not at all up to American work of the sort. Still, the text makes up for these short-comings of the lithographer, and the work will be found a valuable one by the amateur naturalist. It is to be completed in twelve parts, each containing 40 to 48 pages of reading-matter and three colored plates. ($1 per part. Milwaukee: Geo. Brumder.)

London Letter

WE WRITERS are all very lazy, very happy, and utterly stagnant during the brilliant September weather which prevails in England at the present moment. We may read a little—potter through a paper-covered novelette,—we may write a little—slowly cover a sheet or two of foolscap for a periodical,—but one thing no one amongst us thinks of attempting: nobody is foolish enough to publish. The publishers are holiday-making on the moors, or the rivers, or by the blue sea, like the rest of the world; recruiting their energies for the great month of the year, as regards them, which is just in front,—(so the hapless 'printers' devils' are the only unfortunates kept in London just now, I should imagine); and thus it comes to pass that in looking about me for something to say regarding the literary world at this juncture, I have to fall back

upon odds and ends, in themselves, I fear, somewhat trifling, but permissible during this month of famine.

And first I would call attention to a paper of interest to writers, if not to readers, in *The Fortnightly*—which is otherwise as dull as the rest of the September magazines,—an article which, though neither very profound, nor deeply instructive, has evidently been the outcome of considerable trouble and research. This is Mr. Gattie's article on the books people read but do not buy. That a very great many books may be included in this category goes without saying; that it is only here and there we meet with a person wealthy and careless enough to put the hand in the pocket and purchase every volume he or she may fancy skimming through, is the experience of all; but Mr. Gattie has contrived to infuse a good deal of novelty into his dissertations, and to afford his readers some amusement by ferreting out which are the most popular of the ordinary *readable* but not *buyable* products of the pen, and also what tastes prevail in different quarters. His conclusions, and these are arrived at from a sound basis of facts, are really curious. For instance, it is not a little surprising to learn that Bristol, an essentially modern, busy, trafficking country town, never in any way distinguished as the resort of literature or art, is, comparatively speaking, great in reading poetry; whereas Aberdeen, that seat of sturdy Scottish culture, that grand old granite sea-port, with its ruggedly picturesque features and romantic associations, looks more coldly and indifferently upon the bard than does any other Scottish or English centre. This is all the stranger to me because of an early recollection. My father had an Aberdeenshire moor in the days of my childhood, when we were all devourers of Scott, Byron, Tennyson and Longfellow; and a common request among his gamekeepers, shepherds and gillies was for the loan of some one or other of our cherished copies of these authors. N.B. I know that many lips may be curled in scorn of my mentioning the two former names besides the two latter,—but I can only say that it was so, that we *did* read, *did* devour, *did* know by heart whole passages from 'Marmion' and 'Childe Harold,' as well as 'The Gardener's Daughter' and 'The Fire of Driftwood,' and that I am not ashamed to own it. Those rough Aberdeenshire retainers agreed with us at any rate, and stretched at length upon the purple heather beside the mountain burn, or lying awake in their 'bothie' beds at night, during those brief summer nights which are scarce nights at all up there, these big, brawny men with the hearts of little children would read and read the pages we too loved the best, and be ready to talk about them afterwards, if we were minded so to condescend, in a manner that was often infinitely more intelligent and appreciative than that in which I have, many a time since, heard an opinion conveyed supposed to be of first-rate importance.

But I am talking of long ago, and times are changed since then. Aberdeen, it appears, has now become as prosaic, or rather more so, than other places; Liverpool and Exeter have a moderate appetite for theology and philosophy: while neither the Tidland centres of Derby and Stafford, nor the Quaker stronghold of Norwich, nor nautical Plymouth will have works on these at any price—unless, indeed, administered through the guise of fiction. As, however, fiction goes down handsomely everywhere, it is to be presumed that unconsciously a good deal of the former subject is imbibed—(such as it is)—Miss 'Edna Lyall' being a special favorite, and her numerous imitators also being well read.

Dividing a hundred marks among eight classes of books, Mr. Gattie assures us that fiction is absorbed at the rate of from seventy to eighty per cent of the whole hundred!

'The nineteenth century will be known to posterity for its novels; it is an age of novels; its novels alone would make it famous.' The above remark was made to me only a few days ago by one whose name is equally well-known for its literary fame on both sides of the Atlantic, and who has never written a novel in his life. Coming from such a source the observation was worth recording. My own feeling about fiction is this, that good fiction will convey impressions and stamp national events and crises upon the mind in a way that nothing else will. Who, for instance, does not know more about France under the weak, bigoted and cruel Louis XIV., with his low-born favorites and his grovelling superstitions, from 'Quentin Durward' than from any amount of French history? Who has not the bloody scenes of the French Revolution set before him better by the 'Tale of Two Cities,' or by 'Citoyenne Jacqueline' (a book far too little known, by the way), than by anything that even Carlyle could say? Did not 'The Talisman' tell us the tale of the Crusades in a way we could never forget? Did not 'Westward Ho!' summon up the very spirit of chivalry, daring and adventure which breathed in Elizabeth's mighty reign? Did not, *does* not 'Esmond'—for, thank Heaven! 'Esmond' still is read,—does it not spread before our vision all the witchery of those glowing times, when statesmen and soldiers, poets and painters, thinkers and talkers were a strong assemblage under 'good Queen Anne,' as even Macaulay has not delineated them?

That there are vile and hurtful novels, novels which debase and enervate, is, alas! as true as that there are vile and hurtful things in every walk of life, but surely the intrusion of these into the mass of healthy fiction of the present day need not prevent the latter—and apparently does not prevent the latter—from being appraised at its true value. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Gattie's statistics that, with the solitary exception of Scott, all our mighty dead are still holding their own, and 'Vanity Fair' of to-day is still the 'Vanity Fair' of forty years ago in the estimation of the novel-reading public.

It happens oddly enough, that there should be another article on book-buying and book-reading in a magazine of the month, namely in *Murray's Magazine*. Lord Brabourne is not so lively as Mr. Gattie, nor does he appeal to our sympathies so acutely. Naturally the books one buys but does not read are not so entertaining as those one reads but does not buy. The former, to be sure, are those without which 'no gentleman's library is complete,' but somehow the 'complete' libraries have a trick of being kept under lock and key, and the key—tell it not in Gath!—occasionally gets lost. Collectors and bibliophiles may peruse Lord Brabourne's little effusion with a mild enthusiasm, but we question whether any other people will.

Blackwood's excellent article on 'Lepers at the Cape' has already attracted considerable notice, and the few words by the editor which preface it point it out as still more worthy of attention than it might otherwise have been thought to be. For Mr. Blackwood solemnly assures his readers that they may rely upon the writer's statements as being simple facts, adding that had he not himself taken pains to be certain of their being so, he would not have believed that a state of things so discreditable to a British colony could have existed. Lepers, convicts and lunatics, it appears, have hitherto been all together sequestered in a small island, called Robben Island, a short distance from the Cape. This is alike hard upon the convicts and on the leprous folk; on the former as exposing them to the contagion of a hideous malady, and on the latter as risking contamination of their mental faculties. Lunatics are, of course, open on both sides—but then, perhaps for lunatics nothing really matters very much. Seriously speaking, however, it is to be hoped that the exposure of all such dark spots in the sunshine, and the letting thousands of eyes be turned upon them from all quarters of the globe, will lead to the results which humanity and Christianity must dictate.

Here are some curious illustrations of the idiosyncracies of human nature as revealed by the Postmaster-General's Annual Report, just published. What queer fancies, for example, must have possessed the senders of those sovereigns done up in grapes, in tobacco, and in a mash of eggs and butter! What delicious dreams of grateful astonishment and incredulous delight must have filled their souls, as they carefully inserted the precious coins in their juicy coverings! Little did they, poor souls, imagine that the cold eye of the Post-Office official would be the one first to pounce upon the sneaking little tribute of affection; little did they suppose that his indignant, shrinking fingers would be those which should pick out the glittering pieces from the odorous mess! In the 'undelivered parcels' some good edibles, however, undiluted with sovereigns, were recently taken out. An excellent plum-pudding, sent to Australia three years ago, and sent back, owing to the impossibility of finding a recipient, evidently made the mouths of the unpackers water. Carefully encased in its tin mould, the savory concoction was, we are told, as fresh as when first made, and one cannot resist a touch of regret that its kindly sender should have made the little effort in vain. Query: Who would like to say that it was not that of a mother for her son?

Here are two Christmas parcels. One contained two petticoats, a leg of mutton, a pair of stays, and a packet of tobacco; the other a rabbit stuffed with tobacco pipes, tobacco, a doll, and a piece of bacon, the whole being wrapped up in a lady's jacket. It would be interesting to know whether the bacon flavored the tobacco, or the tobacco impregnated the bacon to the greatest extent. In regard to the enormous amount of work annually done by the Post-Office it is perhaps satisfactory to learn that this is on the increase. Post-offices have been opened in 399 new places (they might as well have made them up to 400, and given a round number),—and as to letters, postcards, bookpackets, etc., received in the Returned Letter Office, there are 850,178 more than there were last year. I also rejoice to learn that arrangements, at considerable cost, have been made to meet the general wish that a greater number of postmen in towns should be relieved from duty on alternate Sundays, and that this concession will be extended throughout the United Kingdom.

London does without any sort of Sunday post. No letters are taken in after ten o'clock on Saturday night, nor sent out before three o'clock on Monday morning. There is a complete deadlock, to the infinite joy and relief of thousands, and who is the worse for it? Not our busy men: they hail equally immunity from toil and strain. Not our pleasure-seekers: even they own themselves better for one day free from notes, invitations, and arrangements. And if London, London in regard to whom it would have been said that so absolute a stoppage was an impossible chimera of the brain, until it was proved to be no chimera by being *un fait accompli*—if London can thus be reined up short every seventh day, and all opposition be silenced by the effectual rejoinder that it 'pays,' it is preposterous to say that every town and every village, and every country spot in Great Britain could not, if it would, follow suit.

LONDON, Sept. 11, 1889. L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

THERE is one feature in the revival in the book-trade this autumn here in Boston, to which I referred last week, that seems to me worthy of especial emphasis. This is the extent to which new books and MSS. are coming from parts of the country that might be regarded as unfavorable for literary productiveness. The distributive tendency of literature is a sign of the broadening influence of a culture which is commonly supposed to be limited to the great centres of population. It shows the force of the stimulus that the intelligence of the day gives to outlying sections of the country, and develops a literary faculty which brings out what is most characteristic in local scenes and associations. What Cable and Miss Murfree have done for their communities, new writers are doing for theirs, and in these localized literary studies is laid the basis for broader and more comprehensive creative art. The fact, too, that grave treatises on philosophy and constitutional history have lately come from out-of-the way places in the South and West, indicates the strength of the foundation on which the new literary development rests. With the progress of the higher education and the growth of great libraries, the conditions of productiveness in literature must increase, and the advance in the means of independence and the augmentation of the leisured classes will have the same tendency. Even the misuse of their opportunities by the rich and luxurious will serve the purposes of literary art, for the light and color which the author needs will be all the more effective if employed in setting off the caprices and follies of wealth and fashion. To break a butterfly upon a wheel may be justifiable cruelty under such circumstances.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish soon a book which is certain to attract attention from thoughtful readers by its acute and comprehensive treatment of a subject which is of vital public interest and importance. This is 'The Church in Modern Society,' by Julius H. Ward, a scholar and thinker who has looked through and beyond books, to the conditions of social and religious life as they are manifested in the complex relations of modern civilization. The titles of the several chapters of his book indicate its character. They are 'Permanent Institutions,' 'The Church before the Reformation,' 'The Church in the World,' 'The Church in Disintegration,' 'The Inclusive Church,' 'The Spiritual Method of the Church,' 'The Church in the Family,' 'The Church among the People,' 'The Church in the Nation,' 'Constructive Unity of Religious Forces,' and 'Unity through Working Agreements.' These show that Mr. Ward has brought out to a remarkable degree the side of the Church which has most to do with civil society, and an examination of the advance-sheets of his work shows that the treatment is fresh, original, and in close grasp of the subject. The book is a constructive study of the way in which the Christian Church can recover in civil society the corporate influence which it had in the Middle Ages. The author is widely known from his editorial connection with one of our ablest and most influential newspapers, and as a contributor to the best periodicals of the country. The present work is the first formal one which he has published since 1866.

Sarah Orne Jewett's studies of life and character are so full of delicate and sympathetic observation, so true to the conditions in which they are made, that a good deal of interest will be felt in the announcement that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish late in October a New England story from her pen, entitled 'Betty Leicester.' The scholarly work of William Cranston Lawton in *The Atlantic Monthly*, on classical subjects, lends interest to his translations of three plays of Euripides which the above-mentioned house will publish in the early autumn.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has written a book entitled 'Struggle for Immortality,' which is marked by a deep spiritual significance, and an earnest expression of it. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out this volume on Oct. 19. 'A New Eldorado' is the title of M. M. Ballou's interesting book on Alaska, which adds another to the entertaining volumes of travel which that region, so long unknown and undervalued, has recently called forth. It will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on Oct. 5.

I hear that the copyright of the works of William H. Seward has become the property of Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and there seeems a certain appropriateness in this from the fact that his grandfather, Thurlow Weed, was the lifelong friend of the great statesman. The copyright came into possession of Mr. Barnes from the estate of the late George E. Baker, who was Mr. Seward's secretary and edited his works, and it is a curious coincidence that these should now be owned by a member of a publishing-house which has brought out so many books on Alaska, the acquisition of which for the Union Mr. Seward regarded as one of his greatest achievements.

Roberts Bros. will publish a number of attractive books on Oct. 5. Among them are 'Louisa M. Alcott: Her Life, Letters and Journals,' edited by Ednah D. Cheney, to which I lately referred as a most delightful book; and the third volume of Miss Alcott's 'Lulu's Library,' which was written shortly before the author's death. Another book, designed for children of all ages, is 'The Kingdom of Coins,' by John Bradley Gilman, an ingenious and entertaining tale which shows boys and girls the value of pennies and how to take care of them. The story tells how a little boy, sitting on a door-step thinking what to do with his penny, falls asleep, and dreams of King Midas taking him through 'the Kingdom of Coins,' and seeing the pennies playing a game in which such bits of proverbial philosophy as 'All that glitters is not gold,' 'Money makes the mare go,' and 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' figure to the instruction and amusement of the reader, who cannot fail to be pleased also with the quaint illustrations.

'Grandma's Rhymes and Chimes' is another charming children's book to be published by Roberts Bros. on the same date. It is a selection of new nursery poems by such popular American authors as Clara Doty Bates, Marian Douglas, Emily Huntington Miller, George Cooper, Lavinia S. Goodwin, and others of equal ability. The illustrations are in keeping with the attractions of the text.

A new volume of stories by Susan Coolidge—whose fresh volume of poems, 'A Few More Verses,' will also be published by the above-named house on Oct. 5—is entitled 'Just Sixteen.' It is uniform with the popular 'Katy Dids.'

'St. Theresa,' one of the Famous Women Series, will be published by Roberts Bros. the last of October. The author, Mrs. Bradley Gilman, wife of the author of 'The Kingdom of Coins,' is the compiler of 'The Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith.' Her new book is the result of careful research, and presents the striking incidents in the life of the famous saint in an interesting style.

Sir Edwin Arnold and his daughter are at the Hotel Brunswick for a few days, preparatory to visiting President Eliot at Cambridge. Sir Edwin has made a very favorable impression by his genial manners and liberal views. I hear that some of our literary clubs propose to extend hospitalities to him during his visit.

BOSTON, Sept. 23, 1889. ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Households of Women

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The discussions regarding Households of Women is interesting in more respects than one. Miss Wheeler's article naturally drew out two classes of responses. Persons previously committed to the congregating of college girls in large dormitories might have been expected to write in extenuation of the weak points of that plan, while those who have had their lots cast in institutions of the other sort could hardly avoid writing on the opposite side.

The letter of Miss Jordan, which you publish under this date, has a peculiar interest as coming from an instructor in a college for women, which was, if I recollect aright, intended to protest against massing women students in great dormitories. It is natural that she should say that the way proposed by Miss Wheeler is 'the more acceptable' one; but we might not have anticipated that she would 'add a word of vigorous protest against the use of the oft-quoted dictum of doctors, that the nervous strain of life' in households of women is very great and the intellectual atmosphere too intense. If memory does not serve me wrongly, it was exactly this 'dictum of doctors' that led the founders of Smith College to adopt the admirable cottage system for which it is well-known.

It seems to me that, as Miss Jordan agrees, Miss Wheeler is right when she says: 'Establish the college in some place where homes may be open to students, with perhaps a cottage or two as provision for special cases.' This is the ideal. It is an expensive plan, however, and for that reason it is not popular, because the largest number of women who go to college are not well enough

provided with cash to enable them to patronise such institutions. Expenses cannot be kept down if there are few in a building. The greater the room allotted to each student, and the larger her share of care from the instructors, the heavier must be the charge for tuition and board; and yet no argument is required to prove that small classes and many teachers are better than great classes and few instructors; nor that small households and ample accomodations are better for physical health than crowded buildings and restricted apartments. In crowding hundreds of girls and instructors under one roof we simply seek economy. There seems no escape from that conclusion.

Schools and colleges may, on the other hand, be too small; for sufficient numbers are needed to make it impossible for one, or a few students, to dictate to the whole body. In a student community of sufficient size, the less diligent members are more easily managed by the teachers, and those who behave badly are more readily put under the ban of a wholesome public opinion. There is a mean which it is difficult to mark out precisely, and commonsense must indicate it in every instance.

There is about the same quality of human nature in different masses of human beings, and it is probable that Miss Jordan's statement, that the discussion is 'far more a matter of temper than of roofs or even of table-board,' may be questioned. Miss Jordan does not argue for crowded households of women. Who will?

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 21, 1889. ARTHUR GILMAN.

"The Beginnings of Religion"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have read with interest and appreciation the letter (forwarded from your office) of the Rev. T. S. Bacon, who complains of my treatment, in THE CRITIC of July 6, of his book on 'The Beginnings of Religion.' I have only to say that in common with your staff of reviewers, I make no claims to infallibility in judgment, though always endeavoring to keep my mind free from personal, sectarian, or local prejudice. Further, you are well aware that you do not influence, in any way, my judgments of the particular books which you yourself select for my criticism, for you are well aware that I send back to you, and decline to review, any work on which I feel I cannot *honestly*, to the best of my abilities, pass judgment. After fifteen years of pretty steady work as book-critic, while not attaining infallibility, I have yet a clear conscience, and do not forget the duty owed to the public and the subscribers to a critical journal, as well as to publisher and author.

Not to go into too much detail, let me simply state why I so highly complimented the author's scholarship in certain lines, but passed adverse judgment upon his claims in other directions. Being myself somewhat familiar with the work done by eminent specialists in research into the history of both the ethnic and scriptural religions outside of Judaism and Christianity, and having myself studied on the soil of an Asiatic country, in the land of their development, two very remarkable religions, I feel not utterly unfit to criticise such a book as Mr. Bacon wrote. I still believe that the author's Biblical knowledge as expressed in his book is far ahead of his pretensions to acquaintance with the religions of his fellowmen; and his scholarship in the science of comparative religion—as we now demand scholarship concerning other religions than our own—limited. In this judgment I do not profess omniscience, but only honesty.

It may possibly assist your complainant to believe in the equitable desires of both THE CRITIC and its assistant in this case, to know that the latter is a devout believer in the religion of the Bible. Personally, he might find in the author he criticises a most congenial fellow-worker in evangelical labor, but as a critic of books and literary work, he does not care to know—before penning an opinion—whether the author criticized is friend or foe.

I may add, modestly, but earnestly, that when THE CRITIC wants to please authors or publishers, at the expense of its readers, and at the loss of its now high reputation for impartial critical judgment, I, for one, shall count it into the number of those burdeners of the United States Mails so often sent me by eager partisans, which promptly reach the waste-basket with their covers on. Having myself had critical salt sprinkled by you or yours over my own pets fledged only after years of incubation, you will bear me witness that I have neither written you scolding or complaining letters, nor taken any one to task for unpalatable but apparently honest opinions given in a purely critical journal. Let me add in conclusion that whether you or your readers like my sentiments or not, I propose to stick to them whether I lose or gain.

September 17, 1889. THE REVIEWER.

Friend to Friend*

TRUE are your verses, Walter; true,
And full of merry lights and laughter,
With deeper tones that tremble through
The laugh, and linger long, long after.

Have you not loved the forest-brook
That under sun or cloud still sparkles
Gay, rippling, songful—like your book—
Though here and there the current darkles?

I think you've caught that sweet refrain
Of mingled music, mirth, and sorrow.
It lives, repeated in your strain:
Shall it not live for many a morrow?

No doubt!—even as the murmuring stream
Shall whisper on through times unending,
When other hearts beside it dream,
With alien eyes above it bending.

Enough if here and there a friend
With mind that might be of your choosing,
Between times halt and, listening, lend
The sympathy there's no refusing.

Some far-off friend you'll never know—
When we are gone like shadows fleeing—
Responding to the limpid flow,
Will hail, as I, your cadenced greeting.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Wilkie Collins

FOR AT LEAST a year Wilkie Collins had been in failing health. Nine months ago Oliver Logan wrote home that, at the dinner given in London not long before to American men and women of letters, she was 'pained to see how decrepit this great fictionist has become.' He leaned upon a stick, and was 'so bent that walking seemed an effort.' So no one who had kept the run of literary gossip was surprised to read of his death on Monday last. The cablegram announcing it said only that he had been seriously ill for some time. Since it has become so much the fashion for men-of-letters to live to a ripe old age, Mr. Collins's demise may fairly be called premature; for having been born in 1824, he was only sixty-five years of age.

William Wilkie Collins—named for his father, a distinguished landscape artist and Academician, and his father's friend David Wilkie, the eminent painter of *genre* subjects—was a native of London, like his father before him; but for about a hundred years previous to the birth of the latter (1787) the family had lived in County Wicklow, Ireland, whither they had migrated from Scotland a century before. His mother was the sister of Mrs. Carpenter, a well-known portrait painter. Having received a fair share of schooling at Highbury, young Wilkie spent two years on the Continent, mastering the French and Italian tongues. Mercantile life proving distasteful to him after a brief trial in London, he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and was in due time called to the bar; but the practice of the law proved to be as little congenial as the tea trade. He turned his legal training to account later on, however, in the construction of 'novels of plot.' His first book was a biography of his father, published when he was twenty-four; the second, a tale called 'Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome.' This appeared in 1850, and although it fell below the standard set for historical romance-writers by his predecessor Bulwer, its success was sufficient to encourage him to try again. The next year saw the publication of 'Rambles Beyond Railways: A Narrative of a Walking Tour in Cornwall,' a book that served its purpose best by introducing him to Dickens (whose daughter Mr. Collins's younger brother was afterwards to marry). *Household Words*, started by Dickens during the previous year, was the gainer by its editor's discovery of the author of the 'Rambles'; and nine years later, when Dickens founded *All the Year Round*, Wilkie Collins remained his right-hand contributor. In the former magazine he had published 'After Dark,' a series of short stories; 'The Dead Secret,' and 'The Queen of Hearts'; but in the new weekly, in 1859, appeared 'The Woman in White'—a book that easily quintupled its author's fame, putting him at a jump at the head of English-speaking constructors of plot. From that time on, Mr. Collins's books were among the few in the language that foreign publishers found it profitable to translate. It was seven years before the author tried to repeat this success; but 'Armadale,' though it refilled his purse, added nothing to his renown. 'The Moonstone' (1868),

* Prefatory verses to Walter Learned's volume of poems entitled 'Between Times,' to be published by F. A. Stokes & Bro. in October.

however, made almost as great a hit; and 'The New Magdalen,' printed first in *Temple Bar* (1873), sustained its author's popularity. A controversy raged over the choice of subject implied in the title of the last-named work, but the success of the story was held to justify the adoption of a questionable theme. 'Man and Wife,' 'The Law and the Lady,' and 'Poor Miss Finch' are other familiar works from Mr. Collins's pen; and the list further includes 'The Frozen Deep,' 'A Rogue's Life,' 'The Dream Woman,' 'I Say No!' 'The Evil Jenius,' 'Basil,' 'The Black Robe,' 'Heart and Science,' 'Hide and Seek,' 'The Two Destinies,' 'The Legacy of Cain,' 'The Haunted Hotel,' 'No Name,' 'My Miscellanies,' 'Queen of Hearts,' 'The Guilty River,' 'Percy and the Prophet,' 'My Lady's Money,' 'The Ghost's Touch,' and 'Blind Love' (now in course of publication in *The Illustrated London News*). Messrs. Harper & Bros. publish an illustrated library edition of Collins's Works in seventeen volumes.

Mr. Collins turned his constructive ability to account on the stage as well as in magazines and books. His first venture, 'The Lighthouse,' when played first, in private, at Tavistock House, had Dickens in its cast. A dramatization of 'The Frozen Deep,' also, was produced at Tavistock House, and afterward, for the Douglas Jerrold Fund, at the Gallery of Illustration. Queen Victoria attended one representation of it in which both Dickens and the author took part. 'The Woman in White,' 'Man and Wife,' and 'The New Magdalen' were very successfully dramatized by the author. In this country Miss Clara Morris has identified herself with the principal *rôle* in the sensational play last mentioned. 'The Moonstone' was less successful on the stage. 'Armadale' was dramatized, under the name of 'Miss Gwilt,' by M. Regnier of the Théâtre Français and Mr. Collins, and has been played with success by Miss Ada Cavendish and others. 'No Name,' also, has been put upon the boards. Mr. Collins made a very successful American tour in 1873–4, reading selections from his own works—chiefly the shorter stories entitled 'The Frozen Deep' and 'The Dream Woman,'—before thoroughly appreciative audiences.

In *The Universal Review*, a little more than a year ago, Mr. Collins printed some interesting reminiscences. Among the incidents he recalled was an irate Frenchman's demand for satisfaction for having been made to sit for the portrait of the villainous Count Fosco of 'The Woman in White.' The author went to see him, but he was not to be found. He told also of a lady who failed to catch his name at a dinner-party, and put her foot in it by remarking: 'I'm sure *you* don't read Wilkie Collins'; and of another, of tenderer years, who blushed at being detected by him, a stranger, with a copy of 'The New Magdalen' in her hand. In his youth he was pestered by ghosts: he wrote at night, and his overwrought brain brought outlandish monsters before his eyes that followed him from his desk to his bed when he retired. In his latter years he was persecuted by an enemy less difficult to lay: the gout. Early last year, his lease having expired, he left the house in Gloucester Place which he had occupied for twenty-one years, and removed to Wimpole Street. His library was a large one, and among his paintings was one of the Bay of Naples, painted by his father, for which, it is said, the son refused an offer of more than $25,000 from Sir Robert Peel.

The Lounger

THE NEWSPAPERS chronicle the meeting of Sir Edwin Arnold and Walt Whitman. It seems to have been marked by much enthusiasm and poetical discussion. The enthusiasm, however, was on Sir Edwin's side, and was so intense as rather to upset the usual calm of the 'good gray poet.' The English visitor quoted page after page of Whitman to Whitman, while the memory of the American seemed to be very defective when it came to 'The Light of Asia.' I don't think Mr. Whitman is a great reader of general literature. He has his favorites, and reads them over and over again, but in my conversations with him he has never discussed the writers of the day. I have an idea that most of his reading was done in his youth—before the spectacle age.

I AM NOT surprised that Sir Edwin Arnold was impressed by Whitman's appearance. Certainly if ever a man realized one's ideal of a 'bard,' Walt Whitman does. It is a great pity that no painter of the first rank has made a portrait of him. I know that he sat once to J. W. Alexander, but I don't think the result was anything more than a few studies of his head. These, of course, will be immensely valuable in painting a portrait; but I believe Mr. Alexander has done nothing more than make a sketch as yet. What I want to see is a finished portrait, giving the fine contrasts of coloring in the old poet's face and head. No one could do this better than Mr. Alexander, and he owes it to posterity to do his best with this fine subject.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is a gray poet, and a good, too, but he has not Whitman's physique. He is short and slight, and lacks the massive impressiveness of the American poet. One would think in looking at the two men that the big fellow with the florid complexion was the Englishman and the smaller and more wiry one the American; but appearances are proverbially deceitful. All big and healthy-looking men are not Englishmen, any more than all slightly-built, nervous-looking men are Americans.

THE CONTEST between those who hold that Central Park was intended as a breathing-place and pleasure-ground for that great body of our citizens which is denied the privilege of spending its few holidays out of town, and those who contend that it was designed for any other purpose under the canopy but this, is evidently to be endless—like the rivalry between daylight and darkness, and the fight between good and evil in the world. P. T. Barnum declares a central site of prime importance to the proposed World's Fair, and the spirit of the great showman seems to have dominated the Committee on Site when it decided in favor of a location that includes two hundred acres of the most beautiful city garden in the world. I believe the Committee will realize before it is too late—if it has not done so already—that it has made a great mistake, and that the people of New York had rather go without the Fair than have it held in the Park; but its deliberate declaration that it would like to have the proposed site adopted shows anew how hydra-headed is the danger that threatens all our public grounds. First St. John's Park is turned over to a railroad company; then the Battery is seized by the elevated road; next, all that is left of open space about the City Hall is 'wanted' for building purposes; and now Central Park is marked out for sacrifice to the God of Trade that presides over international exhibitions. The defenders of the parks must fight desperately, for every inch they lose is lost forever.

IN REPLY to Mr. Irving Brown, 'Jeru-Salem' desires to be understood as having said, and as repeating, that 'Hawthorne's Life of Pierce was never included in any collection of the author's writings published with his knowledge or assent, and that it was an idolatrous sacrifice—like the pleas of a partisan press in defence of Tannerisms and Tom Plattitudes.'

WHEN MAURICE THOMPSON went to Indianapolis four years after the War, a callow youth, 'almost penniless and without any visible means of support,' he wrote a dime-novel, and wasted time and postage upon it for a year before any one recognized its surpassing merit. Then Street & Smith of *The New York Weekly* accepted it, and sent him a check for $100 for it, which put him on his feet and gave him a start in life. Since then he as 'got on' well enough, and so long as the MS. of that 'dime dreadful' slumbered in the pigeon-holes of the New York editor, Mr. Thompson was a comparatively happy man. But a few weeks since he was told that 'The League of the Guadalupe' was running as a serial in the *Weekly*. He procured a copy of the paper, he tells the Indianapolis *Journal*,

> and there, sure enough, all dripping with gore, and spangled with bowie-knives and pistols, and flaring with red lights, flamed my long-delayed masterpiece. Twenty years of delay had not even coagulated its blood, or tamed its murderous spirit in the least. I had forgotten its title, and I could not recall the name of a single character in it, but a glance was sufficient. The long-lost vision arose before my eyes, like some of those memories of battle, with all the sulphur and powder-blaze, and circling smoke, and thunder and blood.

NO DOUBT Mr. Thompson would gladly repay the $100 with compound interest to date, to suppress the sulphurous border story of his nonage; but the recollection of his overwhelming delight at receiving the cheque these many years ago, tempers the chagrin the belated publication of the tale now causes him. Why would it not be a good idea to apply a statute of limitations to the publication, when an author has 'arrived,' of the pot-boiling puerilities of the time when he put his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame?

A WELL-INFORMED gentleman in London writes as follows to an American friend concerning the latest move of the Irish Secretary, Mr. Balfour. It may interest THE CRITIC'S readers, now that a Catholic university is growing up at Washington at the expense of devout adherents of the Roman faith, to know how the proposition to found one at Dublin at the expense of the State, and a Protestant State at that, is received:—'I enclose you an article which may interest you as throwing a side-light on the character of the best abused man in the House of Commons—and out of it. He is unfortunately cynical and unsympathetic in manner, and his

cool indifference to attack incenses his assailants to madness. The pity is that he gives me the impression of being rather pleased than otherwise when taking away M. P. breeches and locking them up in Irish prisons. His *obiter* announcement of the intention of the Government to endow the Romish church with a University in Ireland will throw some of my friends into fits, and will greatly shake the hold of the Government on the affections of the Irish Conservatives, who only bestow them on those who give all they want and give nothing to any one else; and it will produce a tremendous commotion in the Liberal dissenting classes, the Scotch Radicals, etc., so that the ultra-Protestant Tory and anti-all-religion *quasi* Liberals will make common cause if the scheme contemplates a real, chartered, State-endowed Popish university to rival Trinity College. It will be a great upheaval.'

MRS. DODGE has edited *St. Nicholas* from the mountain tops this summer. She has a cottage whose outer walls are of hemlock slabs, at Onteora in the Catskills, and has called it 'Yarrow,' not after the English river of that name, but because of the quantity of the yarrow plant that grows around the cottage door. It is the fashion at Onteora to name the cottages after the wild flowers and plants of the neighborhood. Miss Dora Wheeler calls her place 'Pennyroyal;' another is called 'Wake-Robin'; still another 'Larkspur,' and so on. A gentleman whose cottage is the highest up the mountain side has broken the rule and called it 'Upenough,' which has a rather Welsh or Indian look when written but is very plain English when pronounced.

IN REFERENCE to the suggestion of 'G. F. S.' of Elyria, O., that the Red Clover be adopted as the national floral emblem, E. C. N. of Cleveland writes:—'Summing up the several points that would show its appropriateness, the writer states that "the bee sucks honey from it, but the fly keeps away." May the question be asked, What kind of bee is referred to? Not the honey-bee, surely; else how did the story originate, that when the Lord was making the honey bees, He asked whether they would rather work on Sunday, or glean honey from the Red Clover and not work on Sunday; and they chose the seven days for work, and as a consequence were made with a proboscis too short to extract the honey from the Red Clover. Should close observation of nature justify this story, which it is hoped will be commented upon by those who have studied the habits of the bee, "G. F. S.'s" argument would be rather weakened; for no special charm or romantic interest seems to hover round the humble-bee, which *does* frequent the Red Clover.'

'C. H. L.' writes from Boston:—'I would not invite a literary journal into the byways of political discussion, but I wish to record a protest against your criticism (Sept. 14) of Judge Hughes's article on 'The Lost Leader.' In the first place, is there really any contrast, like that indicated, between our Union and the union of Ireland with Great Britain? Ireland was really politically united with England long before bayonets were invented. A study of Ball's "Irish Legislative Systems" will probably dispel all regrets for the demise of the Parliament of the "Volunteers." In the second place, the Irish party wants no such legislature as our States possess. The virtual independence of Canada and Australia is their acknowledged goal. Observers so widely different as W. H. Hurlbert and George Pellew present testimony to show that the "Home Rule" Parliament is expected to establish a Protectionist policy and to develop Irish nationality to the exclusion of English nationality. As a nation we endured humiliation for forty years and fought a bloody war in order to overcome the belief that a local legislature could represent and wield an exclusive, national sovereignty. Shall we advise England to repeat our history? The present English Government promises local self-government for Ireland, probably by County Councils. These bodies have powers comparable to those of our State Legislatures, but they will not realize the dream of Irish independence. Finally, is it not true that our federal system is compelled to find room for centrifugal forces, which a centralized democracy like that of Great Britain cannot permit without a complete change in the organization of the State, nor even recognize except at the risk of self-murder?'

MR. APPLETON MORGAN sends me this melancholy tale:—'Some weeks ago Lionel Booth, Esq., of London, presented me with a pamphlet copy of his reprint of the Third Folio Pericles, which he had purchased at auction and which, thirty years ago, he had presented to John Payne Collier, and upon which Mr. Collier had written his name below the presentation inscription. I determined to bind the pamphlet and letter together with the outside cover of the pamphlet, so as to preserve these interesting (and now valuable) autographs, and gave my binder careful personal instructions as to the same. A few days ago, the book came back, elegantly bound, the letter from Mr. Booth to myself nicely inserted, and the outside cover—which was rather shabby in appearance—retained all right. The autographs of Mr. Collier and Mr. Booth, however, had been nicely shaved off!!! I am writing to my binder, out of curiosity, to ask what he supposed I wanted that cover preserved for. But, meanwhile, it occurs to me that some reader of THE CRITIC may wish to employ a binder, and might wish the address of mine.'

The Washington Memorial Arch

MR. WILLIAM R. STEWART of 54 William Street, Treasurer of the fund that is being raised to pay for a marble reproduction of the temporary arch erected at Fifth Avenue and Washington Square at the time of the Washington Centennial celebration five months ago, reports $52,286.46 in hand, leaving $47,713.54 to be raised. During the seven days ending on Sept. 24, the subscriptions were as follows:

$51:—Fifty-one readers of *The Commercial Advertiser*.

$25 each:—Arthur J. Peabody; Dr. T. Gailliard Thomas.

$10:—James F. Ruggles.

$5 each:—R. S. Perin; Edgar Tucker; Cash; Charles H. Lee; N. H. Eggleston; Dr. George E. Munroe; Cash.

$4:—Ten members of Company K., 71st Regiment, N. G. S. N.Y.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE typical houses of various times and peoples in the Paris Exhibition are treated of at considerable length, and illustrated by pen sketches in the August *Art Age*, which also has some drawings of Swiss and German furniture of Renaissance design, and a valuable article on the Willard Collection of architectural casts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The editorial and news notes are, as usual, interesting.

—Miss Francesca Alexander, the American artist whose work Mr. Ruskin thinks so much of, is the subject of a short note in the October *Magazine of Art*, which also prints a beautiful reproduction of one of the lady's drawings, 'Madonina,' as frontispiece. A curiously named artist's club, the 'Kernoozers' (Connoisseurs), with its collection of Wardour Street armor and its practise of stage-fencing, is written of by M. H. Spielmann and illustrated by Harry Furniss. S. R. Kochler has a learned article on the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass., with engravings of some of its Indian pottery relics. The 'Sculpture of the Year' (English) is illustrated after works by Harry Bates, T. Brock, R. A. Ledward, and H. A. Pegram. A portrait of Millet and engravings after seven of his works, including 'The Angelus,' accompany an article by David C. Thomson. J. E. Hodgson writes of 'An Artist's Holidays,' illustrating his article with four pictures from nature.

The Small Change of Literature

[*The Scots Observer*]

IT IS A DISMAL truism that the popular literature of a country is an accurate reflection of the character of its people. Whatever Tom, Dick, and Harry demand, that they will get. The needy journalist and the Grub Street hack are their slave—even, as the President reminded his hearers at the Liverpool Art Congress, the Royal Academician is their slave. This is by no means a cheering reflection. For nothing is more apparent than the worthlessness of what he who runs now-a-days chooses to read. The degradation of every-day literature in England has been rapid. In the last century, leisure was beguiled by a paper from *The Spectator* or *The Citizen of the World*. The 'Miscellanies' which afforded amusement to thousands were generally literature; and, as their formal title-pages tell us, they were written by 'eminent hands' or by the 'greatest wits of the age.' It is not so very long ago that the family reading of the average Briton included nothing more than the Bible, Shakspeare, Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and Jeremy Taylor: a limited library, no doubt, but one which was at least healthy and refined.

But now this is all changed. The majority of our contemporaries deliberately reject the gold for the small change of literature. They are in the position of the savage who, having long sated his avarice with a currency of cowries, accepts in preference to a sovereign a handful of coppers or a little loose silver. The enfranchised Briton is always in a hurry. He has no time to read, and yet he wishes it to appear that he has read everything. Books are obviously out of his reach. His only resource is to read gossip

about them and their writers. He sometimes soars as high as a villainously edited selection of the works of some great man. Once even for his benefit the complete works of Sir Walter Scott were boiled down into penny numbers, that he might feign an acquaintance with the author of 'Waverley.' But infamies such as this, from which even Bowdler would have shrunk, are fortunately rare. We do not remember that this hideous experiment was ever repeated. The 'general reader,' however, is too hustled even to tackle selections with any pleasure, and he soon falls back on the scraps and shreds he loves so well.

For his benefit a new kind of literature has been invented which is aptly described as 'Bits.' As he is whirled by omnibus or train from his suburban home to his office in the city, he reads in his favorite journal—a kind of rag-bag in print—that Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' is a great work. This statement he repeats ever afterwards with the conviction of one who has seen it in type. He finds it sandwiched in between a paragraph on 'Artists and their Models,' and another on 'Beauty and How to Get It.' The three are of equal value to him. They have not even the merit of an Ibsen play, for they do not 'stimulate thought,' and they have no more to do with literature than a pot of beer; but they relieve the tedium of a jolting journey and provide appropriate conversation for the tea-table. Such is the mental pabulum of the intelligent voters of our great democracy. Thier wives meanwhile regale themselves with cheap and far from nice society journals.

But it is not only the journals which are deliberately made up of the dregs of literary and society gossip that pander to this taste for the spasmodic. We are just now suffering from a curious product, called somewhat mysteriously the 'New Journalism.' The aim of the New Journalism, as far as it can be ascertained, is precisely that of the old: to make money. This it achieves by filling one page with an unctuous and prurient morality and stuffing the next with patronising or scandalous statements concerning those who have the eye or the ear of the public. It has been said that the aim of the undergraduate, to 'tell the colour of Minerva's hair,' is not high, but it far outsoars the ambition of the New Journalist, who is proud to know that Lady K—— wore a red frock at Mrs. J——'s reception, or that Miss G., the new novelist, was seen in puce at three private views in succession. Time was when the citizen, after his day's work, looked to his paper for guidance on politics, art, or literature. But now he turns with trembling eagerness to the column where he reads that the Prime Minister has been entertaining a large party of friends at his country-house; that Mr. Jones, R.A., is very fond of horse exercise, and that Mr. Smith, the eminent poet, drinks nothing but beer but has red hair. Perhaps we have no right to blame the editors who fling this garbage on the world. No doubt they believe that they must live, though the necessity is not generally obvious. The fault lies rather with the public, whose reading is stubbornly disjointed, and whose interests are solely personal.

To whatever sphere of energy we look, we find precisely the same state of things. The theologian no longer cares to read sermons, commentaries, or exhortations. But he is infinitely concerned to know that the Rev. John Brown has been presented to the living of Blarney, or that the Rev. William Robinson has had a call to the new Bethel. All this he finds for a penny in his sectarian paper. The sporting man has degenerated in an equal degree. There was a time when, rightly or wrongly, he took a scientific interest in the Ring. He then grasped with the intelligence that is bred of knowledge the points of such a battle as that between Sayers and Heenan. All this is nothing to him now. But he is as 'keen as mustard' about Jem Smith's diamond studs, and to know that the American Champion, who would skulk off the ground before a man half his weight, has been driving about Fleet Street in a 'magnificently appointed carriage and pair.' Nor does he take the intense pleasure which once he did in his national game. His attention is fully occupied with the drinking habits of the Blankshire captain or the pedigree of George Lohmann.

But most hapless is the fate of those who yearn for better things. If opportunities of education have been denied them, they are seized upon by the over-eager philanthropist, who after a course of sentiment and Extension Lectures turns them out admirable specimens of the prig. The hundred best books are hurled simultaneously at their heads. They have but a moment to give to the 'Analects' of Confucius before they are whirled off to admire the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius or the gospel of Buddha according to Sir Edwin Arnold. And so, poor creatures, they become bookish, perforce, yet know nothing of the insides of books. They are the victims of sign-post criticism, that worst of literary monstrosities. They gush over whatever their 'master' points out to them as admirable, although in their vain effort to improve themselves they will probably never have time to read a line of it. Their knowledge of authors and of what under happier circumstances they might have found in books is infinite. But life is short, and the 'hundred best books' are long; and they, too, whose aspirations are towards better things must be content with small change, and ever miss the coined gold of art.

The main cause of this miserable change is to be found in the fevered hurry of modern life. There is so much to do and so little time to do it in, that, however eager we may be to attain to something of culture before we die, we are driven back by force of circumstances to get our knowledge at second hand. But this general explanation does not cover the whole ground. There remains much in the printed matter of to-day which must be otherwise accounted for. No doubt for the degradation of the newspaper, or the new Journalism, as its authors prefer to call it, we are largely indebted to that great country which sent us also Mr. W. D. Howells. The blatant headline, the brazen interviewer, the sensational paragraph which is always impertinent and often lying, may all be traced to the home of the free. The extraordinary popularity of the 'Bit,' as well as of much that is dear to the modern journalist, seems to be intimately connected, in London at least, with the Underground Railway. A large portion of the life of millions is spent in its unwholesome atmosphere. Continuous reading is impossible on a journey which is broken every five minutes by jerks and jolts. The 'Bit,' or paragraph, just lasts the traveller the distance between two stations. The taste, stimulated by special circumstances, for this form of literary excitement might readily spread where it no longer had any justification. If this be so, it is not only for its foul air that we may reproach the pitiable 'Underground.

Carlyle as a Schoolmaster

A WRITER in *The Scotchman* has unearthed an amusing anecdote of Thomas Carlyle as a country 'dominie,' for the accuracy of which he vouches. It was told in 1853 by a Cupar Fife lawyer and provost, who had been one of Carlyle's pupils at Kirkcaldy, to the writer and Hugh Miller. The interest of this gentleman's reminiscences of his old schoolmaster was heightened by his utter unconsciousness that his old dominie was the Thomas Carlyle who was then beginning to be known to fame. The old gentleman described the older race of Scottish schoolmasters as always during school-hours wearing their hats—at least keeping their heads covered; and many of the boys, viewing the peculiar angle at which the hat stood upon the head, and how near it came to the eyebrows, could conjecture if the savage mood were to be that day predominant.

'But my teacher,' said the Provost, 'a strict and gloomy disciplinarian with the name of Carlyle, never wore his hat in school; and, indeed, his brow was so overhung with dark threatening, and his large glowing eyes constantly shot forth wrath, while his protruding chin was laden with scorn, that no extra expression to alarm us was needed from his lum-hat! He did not thrash us either very often or very severely, but we had a fear that, if provoked, he would go great lengths in punishment. I have seen his mere scowl hush at once the whole school. The biggest and boldest boys specially dreaded his grins and his mocking words. How savagely his teeth were wont to grind out the terms "dunce" or "blockhead!"'

Hugh Miller here interposed by asking, 'Did your teacher ever burst into a strange laugh in school?' 'That is a very odd question,' returned the Provost. 'Why do you ask? But now that I remember, he had at times a very extraordinary laugh that made us all stare. It had a train of queer chuckling which exploded in a succession of loud and deep guffaws that shook his whole body, and displayed all his teeth like the keys of a piano. He then clapped his hands on the book he held against his knees; yet none of us ever knew at what he was laughing. He had a grim smile in reproving pupils, and a habit of tapping their heads with his knuckles as he told them the heads would never be worth the price of hats, or the charge of a barber, though mammas and aunts had that morning combed, kissed, and blessed them in pious wonder—as if they were teeming with the sublimest inventions and designs!'

The Provost saw that Hugh Miller and some other guests were listening eagerly; and he proceeded.—'One morning, a few minutes before the school-hour, when most of the pupils had arrived, and—as rain was falling—they had gone into the school, a donkey, which had broken loose from its tether on a grassy spot near, was entering the playground. Bill Hood and I were so far on our way; and Bill, who was a stout and frolicsome lad—the ringleader in many sports and tricks—rushed to mount the animal, and began to guide and force it into the school. With desperate spurring, the donkey was induced to carry its rider over the threshold; and what a reception both of them got from the juvenile crowds! Bags of books were at once fastened to the tail and around the neck of the ass; and so busy were Bill and half a dozen companions in urging

the brute to a canter round the school, and to ascend the short stair of the master's desk, that they did not notice how time was speeding; and before they could remove the stranger Mr. Carlyle appeared. We expected a tremendous explosion of wrath; but he burst into a roar of laughter—such a roar, however, as, instead of tempting us to join in it, produced a sudden and complete hush, and that roar was renewed again and again when the ass, withdrawing its forefeet from the first step of the desk stair and turning round, took a pace or two slowly towards the master as if to salute him. 'That,' exclaimed Carlyle, 'is the wisest and best scholar Kirkcaldy has yet sent me; he is fit to be your teacher.' He tapped the donkey's head as he was wont to do ours, and said, 'There's something here, far more than in the skulls of any of his brethren before me, though these skulls are patted in fond admiration by papas and mamas, and though that far grander head piece meets only with merciless blows.' He then gave some hard taps on Bill Hood's head, and would not allow him to dismount, but, for a penalty, ordered him to ride up and down the school for an hour, whilst those boys who had been most active in helping Bill to go through the farce had to march in pairs before and behind the perplexed-looking ass. He did not require the other scholars to attend to their several school lessons, but silently permitted them to stand as spectators of the grotesque procession. Then he himself, seated within his pulpit-like desk, surveyed Bill and his company with a strange mixture of mirth, scorn, and fury. I have not for years thought of this scene,' continued the Provost, 'but it has now come back to me freshly,and I remember that my old master had a very strange laugh. I don't know what has become of him; nor, indeed, have I heard of him since I left Kirkcaldy School.'

Current Criticism

'A Course of Egypt and Tahiti.'—To one whose economic pendulum has hitherto oscillated between selfish luxury in Mayfair and squalid poverty in Seven Dials, there is indeed a world of novelty in the first view of the tropical poverty that is not squalid but contentedly luxurious—of the dusky father with his wife or wives (the mere number is a detail) sprawling at full length, half-clad, in the eye of the sun, before the palm-thatched hut, while the fat black babies and the fat black little pigs wallow together almost indistinguishably in the dust at his side, just out of reach of the muscular foot that might otherwise of pure wantonness molest them. What a flood of light it all casts upon the future possibilities of society, that leisured cultureless household, on whose garden-plot yam or bread-fruit or bananas or sweet potatoes can be grown in sufficient quantity to support the family without more labor than in England would pay for its kitchen coals; where the hut is but a shelter from rain, or a bed-curtain for night; and where the untaxed sun supplies the place of a drawing-room fire all the year round, and warms the water for the baby's bath at nothing the gallon! If there is any man who doesn't sympathise with his dusky brother when he sees him thus at home in his airy palace—any man who doesn't fraternise closely with his kind when thus brought face to face with our primitive existence, I don't envy him his stern and wild Caledonian ethics. The beach-comber instinct should be strong in all sane minds. Or if that blunt way of putting it perchance offend the weaker brethren, let us say, rather, the spirit of the Lotus-eaters. For the man who doesn't want to eat of the Lotus just once in his life has become too civilized; the iron of the Gradgrind era of universal competition and payment by results has entered too deeply into his sordid soul. He wants a course of Egypt and Tahiti.—*Grant Allen, in Longman's.*

'Our Manuscript Department.'—The progress of literature in this enlightened age affords a very gratifying subject of reflection to the cultured person. At no previous period has the public been provided with such a vast quantity of books; nor has the goodly company of men (and women) of letters ever before reached such astounding numbers. We do not perhaps find that the recompense offered to our most distinguished authors has increased to any very remarkable extent; but, on the other hand, there is nothing more pleasing to observe than the increasing prosperity of our amiable and enterprising publishers. The glories of the trade in the nineteenth century have completely eclipsed the fame of the most renowned patrons of literature in days gone by. Mæcenas, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Ernst August of Saxe-Weimar, sink into obscurity when compared with the modern magnates of Paternoster-row. Indeed, so extensive is their patronage in some cases, and so innumerable the applications for their favor, that the mere registry of manuscripts received, the taking in and giving back of the various productions submitted to their judgment, has proved much too great a task for the over-strained faculties of the publishers' clerks; and one great firm at least has found it necessary to meet the difficulty by setting up a separate Manuscript Department, after the manner of the British Museum. And they have kindly issued a circular giving the public all needful information about it. . . . It is really the next thing to publication to know that your effusions are carefully preserved in a regular manuscript department, formally registered in a catalogue, where your name, and perhaps your *nom de plume*, and the title of your book are all set forth at length; to which the clerk who receives your order must refer to verify the description :—'No. 29,503. Occasional Ravings of a Thoughtful Maniac. By Horace de Vere (Timothy Wilkins).' It is not exactly the immortality Mr. Wilkins desires; but still it is immortality after a sort, especially if—as we hope—these interesting registers are preserved for the benefit of posterity.—*The St. James's Gazette.*

An Eccentric Novelist.—Ouida is as grotesque a figure as Mrs. Mackay is a proper and conventional one. I saw the novelist once in London, and I shall never forget the impression which her astounding appearance made on me. I should say that Mademoiselle De La Ramee, as she now calls herself—adding a syllable to her name with each decade—might be described as the worst-dressed woman in Europe. Perhaps the most ridiculous thing about her appearance is her air of assumed juvenility. On the day that I saw her she wore a skirt which showed half an inch of white hose above a pair of funny little congress top gaiters, such as one occasionally sees in the prints of 1850. The skirt was perfectly round, like a cheese-cake. Above the waist was a jacket with two odd little tails behind, and imbued with a wonderful collection of incongruous colors. In loooked as though it might have been copied after one of the costumes worn by Ouida's wonderful little *vivandières*. She wore lace mittens, a jaunty little hat, and carried a huge scarlet parasol, when such things were practically unknown. She was going to call on the Prime Minister, or some similar grandee, it being her custom at that time to look in upon anybody in London whose name chanced to attract her attention. Oddly enough, she was received in any house she chose to honor in London, English exclusiveness giving way before the eccentricities of the extraordinary little novelist.—*Blakely Hall, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

Notes

Paul B. Du Chaillu's oft-postponed volume on 'The Viking Age'—a work which aims incidentally to show that the northmen who, at the decadence of the Roman Empire, overran and settled in Britain and on the northern coast of Germany and France, were not barbarians, but a highly civilized and accomplished people—will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons next month. The book will have over 1400 illustrations.

—Miss Ellen M. Coe, Librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library, reports that 'Ben Hur' has passed 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which in 1888 headed the list of fiction in greatest demand at that institution. At the Maimonides Library in this city it is the volume of fiction most sought after.

—*The Century* is preparing a series of papers on 'The Gold Hunters of California,' to be prepared, for the most part, by prominent participants in the events described. Early explorations, life in California before the gold discovery, the finding of gold in 1848 at Sutter's Fort, the journey to California by the different routes, life in the mining-camps and in San Francisco, and other aspects of California life at the time will be treated of. A careful search in California and elsewhere has brought to light many interesting pictures never yet engraved.

—Mr. Stevenson's 'Master of Ballantrae' is reported to be meeting with the cordial reception that might have been predicted for it.

—An interesting announcement is made by A. C. McClurg & Co., who have secured the publication of 'The Story of Tonty,' by Mrs. Catherwood, author of 'The Romance of Dollard.' Tonty is La Salle's lieutenant, and the story is one of French exploration in America two centuries ago. The book will be profusely illustrated. The same house is preparing Paul de Rémusat's volume on Thiers in the series of Great French Writers translated by Prof. Melville Anderson, and a breakfast and dinner book to be called 'Seven Days After the Honeymoon.'

—Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. announce the admission to their firm of Mr. Charles H. Ames, who has for many years been associated as officer and stockholder with the Prang Educational Co. Mr. Ames has a very extensive acquaintance with the educational workers of the country, whose good wishes will follow him wherever he goes, and whose hearty congratulations will in this instance accompany their good wishes. Messrs. Heath & Co. have in a sur-

prisingly short space of time made their name and their publications familiar to those who wish to keep abreast of whatever is most practical and progressive in the educational thought of the day.

—Portraits of Constance Fenimore Woolson, with a personal sketch, and of Blanche Willis Howard and Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian, will appear in the October *Book Buyer*.

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Ballads, Lyrics, and Sonnets,' selected from Longfellow, and 'Interludes, Lyrics, and Idyls,' selected from Tennyson, both uniform in style with Browning's 'Lyrics, Idyls, and Romances'; 'Philip' and 'Catherine' in the new edition of Thackeray; Vol. X. of the Gentleman's Magazine Library ('Topography'); and 'Character and Comment,' selected from the novels of W. D. Howells by Minnie Macoun.

—The five designs for the Grant Monument which have been recommended by the committee of experts will be published in *Harper's Weekly* on Oct. 2. Something new in social entertainments will be described in 'An Engagement Party,' in *Harper's Bazar* published Oct. 5.

—Beginning in November, *The Century* will publish a series of papers on social questions written by Bishop Potter of New York, the Rev. Prof. Shields of Princeton, the Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger of New Haven, the Hon. Seth Low of Brooklyn, and Prof. Ely of Johns Hopkins University and one or two other well-known writers. For each article the author will be responsible, but he will have had the benefit of the criticism of the other members of the group before publication.

—Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, author of 'John Charaxes,' a recent novel the character of whose hero was largely drawn from the late S. L. M. Barlow, has written a metrical characterization of his departed friend which fills five pages of the October *Magazine of American History*. We have read better verse, but none more funereal.

> When I ere long am ferried o'er
> The flood that he has crossed before,
> He'll stand upon that farther shore
> And greet me as he did of yore.

The portrait of Mr. Barlow which forms the frontispiece is superior, as a work of art, to Mr. Curtis's ostosyllabic lament. A sketch of the deceased lawyer is contributed by Mrs. Lamb. The other contents of the *Magazine*, which are varied and interesting, include 'The Romantic Beginnings of Milwaukee,' by Roy Singleton; 'The Financial Condition of New York in 1833,' by Susan Fenimore (not 'Fennimore') Cooper; and an account of the New York and Boston celebrations of the third anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America.

—Belford, Clark & Co., the Chicago publishers, have failed, and their affairs are now in the hands of a receiver, Mr. Thomas C. Hammond. It is estimated that the liabilities of the firm are $400,000 and their assets $250,000. Mr. Robert L. Belford, who has charge of the New York branch, at 22 East 18th Street, attributes the failure to the lack of International Copyright. It has caused considerable trepidation among authors all over the country, as hundreds of literary productions are said to have been either in process of publication or formally accepted by the firm.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis Korbay announce four vocal and pianoforte recitals, intended to illustrate the several important epochs in the art of music from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. They will be given at the Berkeley Lyceum on the afternoons of Nov. 21 and 28 and the evenings of Dec. 5 and 12.

—*The Graphic*, the first illustrated New York daily, has suspended publication, its field having been taken away from it by the growing practice among the older dailies of printing illustrations.

—Charles Scribner's Sons announce 'The Poetry of Tennyson,' by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke; the papers on earthquakes, etc., contributed by Prof. N. S. Shaler to *Scribner's Magazine*, with an additional chapter, the whole entitled 'Aspects of the Earth'; and the second volume of their 'Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians.'

—The object of the Associate Alumnæ of the Normal College of the City of New York, incorporated at Albany on Tuesday, is the preservation of the friendship and intercourse begun during college life and the advancement of the best interests of the college. The Managers are Marguerite Merrington, Helen M. Kellogg, Grace B. Beach, Caroline M. Peters, Kate Brown, Mrs. Clara A. Williams, Mary E. Merrington, Helen B. Thurston, Edith Palmer, Helen Gray Cone, Jennie B. Merrill and Jennie Hunter; and the Trustees, Bertha M. Thurman, Kate Brown, Felicia Sene, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Britton and Mathilde Sauer.

William R. Jenkins announces a 'definitive' edition (in French) of Victor Hugo's works, to comprise 70 volumes at 70 cts. per volume. He promises also 'Les Poètes Français du XIXme Siècle,' a collection of French poetry, on the plan of Ward's 'English Poets,' giving specimens of all the poets of the present century, arranged according to the date of their birth by Prof. C. Fontaine, a teacher of French in Washington.

—*The Evening Post* calls attention to the impoverished condition of Prof. A. A. Starr of Westfield, N. J., who since 1843 has been widely known as an investigator and exhibitor of microscopic forms of animal life. Mr. Starr has become blind in one eye, and the sight of the other is seriously impaired.

> As his apparatus is probably more complete than any other collection of microscopes in America, and as he cannot use it himself, he is anxious to sell it. The Vanderbilt University management, he has learned, would especially like to obtain it, but cannot afford it. A moderate value has been put upon it—$2000; and Prof. Starr hopes that this article will meet the eye of some one who may put Vanderbilt University or some other college in a position to secure his instruments and exhibits, or that the same may be purchased by some person who wants to carry on the work in the lecture-field which he has had to quit. In Westfield Prof. Starr owns a small house, which shelters him and his wife; but he has absolutely no means of support. An attempt is now making among his friends in New York to raise $5000, the interest on which will be sufficient to support him and Mrs. Starr during the rest of his life. A part of this sum has already been secured. . . . Subscriptions, if any one is disposed thereto, may be forwarded to D. B. Halstead, at the New York Exchange Bank, West Broadway and Chambers Street, this city.

—The principal writers for the Bok Syndicate Press (there are some forty-five in all) are Grace Greenwood, Lew Wallace, Will Carleton, Marion Harland, Max O'Rell and, until his death this week, Wilkie Collins. It is said that the combined ages of the brothers Bok (there are two of them) 'do not make the figure 50.'

—Mr. Henry Adams of Washington has long been engaged upon a history of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison (1801–17). The first two volumes, covering Jefferson's first term of office, will soon be published by Messrs. Scribner. The same firm announce a new book by Donald G. Mitchell, ('Ik Marvel'), under the title of 'English Lands, Letters, and Kings.' 'England's most gifted and brilliant heroes, from Celt to Tudor, are made to live again in these pages—the places and haunts they made famous, the towns, castles, and taverns associated with their names.

—An 'historic pageant,' similar to the one given in honor of Mrs. Howe at Newport on Aug. 13, was given in the Opera House at Hartford on Tuesday, in honor of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The plan of the testimonial embraced a series of tableaus picturing the chief events in our national history. It opened with 'Columbus at the Court of Queen Isabella'—a reproduction of the familiar painting. During the 'Reception of Martha Washington,' a company of ladies and gentlemen danced a minuet. The 'Landing of the Pilgrims,' 'Hiding of the Charter,' 'Battle of Bunker Hill,' 'Execution of Nathan Hale' and 'Boston Tea-Party' were presented by detachments from the Governor's Foot Guard and the Putnam Phalanx. 'The Boston Mob and William Lloyd Garrison' and 'The Return of Anthony Burns to Slavery' were not so good. The tableaus of the war times were well given, and consisted of the departure and return of the Connecticut regiments. The remaining scenes represented the 'progress of woman' and consisted of the 'Woman's Crusade' and scenes depicting the sphere of women in 1800 and in 1889. The historian was Mary A. Livermore, whose narrative was spiced with frequent references to woman's rights. Mrs. Stowe's mind is said to have failed almost completely though her physical condition is fairly good.

—The will of the late President Barnard of Columbia, by which the college receives the whole estate after the death of Mrs. Barnard, provides that out of the estate, after it comes to the college, $10,000 shall be taken for the foundation of a Fellowship to be known as the Barnard Fellowship for Encouraging Scientific Research. The remainder is to be taken to form a fund to be known as the Barnard Fund for the Increase of the Library. The books are to pertain to physical or astronomical science. It is also provided that the Trustees shall have a medal struck off, not to cost less than $200, to be known as the Barnard Medal for Meritorious Service to Science. A copy of this is to be presented, at the end of every five years, to the person who during that period shall have made such discovery in physical or astronomical science, or such novel application of science to purposes beneficial to the human race, as shall in the judgment of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States be deemed the most worthy of such honor. President Barnard's microscopical apparatus is to remain in his wife's possession during her life.

—The first edition of five thousand copies of the first four parts of 'The Century Dictionary' is entirely exhausted, and a second and larger edition is on the press. Part V. was issued on Sept. 19 and Part VI. will be ready on Oct. 1. Vols. III. and IV. of the life of William Lloyd Garrison, by his sons, are to be published by the Century Co. on Oct. 10.

—'Diabolology: The Person and Work of Satan,' the Paddock Lectures for this year, by Dr. Edward H. Jewett, will be published early in October by Thomas Whittaker.

—A collection of short stories by Brander Matthews will be published this fall by Longmans, Green & Co., under the title of the opening story, 'A Family Tree.' The same house will issue simultaneously with the above the tales of Irish-American character in California recently contributed by George N. Jessop to *The Century* and *The Atlantic*. The book will be called 'Gerald Ffrench's Friends.'

—Jefferson Davis publishes in *Belford's Magazine* for October a paper entitled 'Does the Majority Rule?'

—Col. Tomline of Orwell Park, one of the richest men in England, who died recently, was a great lover of books and pictures; yet he would not allow a book over a certain size to enter his library, and excluded anything written either by a clergyman or a woman.

—Funk & Wagnalls announce for next month 'The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by Florine Thayer McCray. The work will be illustrated.

—To commemorate the first production of an Ibsen drama in English, Mr. Unwin, the London publisher, is about to issue an edition, limited to 115 copies printed on Van Gelder paper, of Mr. William Archer's translation of 'A Doll's House,' illustrated with platinotype photographs of Ibsen himself and six of the performers in the costumes of the play.

—An account is to be published in *The Overland Monthly* for October of the descent on the Cascade Settlement by the Yakimas and Klikitats in 1856. This fight was the first in which Gen. Sheridan, then a newly commissioned Second Lieutenant, was engaged. The narrative, which is to be illustrated, is told on the authority of two survivors.

—There has just been established in this city a French Literary Society connected with the French branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Meetings will be held at 128 West Twenty-third Street on the second Friday of each month. The program of the meetings embraces the critical study of some French poet or prose-writer, in regard both to his life and works. At every other meeting there will be a debate on some literary, historical, economic, or philosophical subject. The Society invites to the meetings the French residents of the city, and Americans who desire to perfect their knowledge of the language,

—A Russian paper giving statistics of prices paid to Russian authors by publishers, says that Tourguéneff sold the copyright of his works shortly before his death to M. Glasunoff for 9000*l*; Gogol's works were sold for 6000*l*, Pushkin's for 1750*l*, and Krilloff's fables for 700*l*.

—Eliza Cook, the English poet, died on Wednesday at Wimbledon, where she had lived in seclusion for many years. She was the daughter of a London merchant and was born in 1818. She began writing for the newspapers and magazines at an early age. Her first volume of poetry was published when she was twenty, under the title of 'Melaia, and Other Poems.' A later volume was called 'Diamond Dust.' In 1849 she began the publication of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, a weekly, which became immensely popular, 'New Echoes' was published in 1864, and since then her collected poems have been issued repeatedly. She was, indeed, among the most widely read of modern English authors. For twenty-five years she had been in the enjoyment of a Civil List pension of 100*l*.

The Free Parliament

[*Communications must be accompanied with the name ana address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.*]

QUESTIONS

1494.—Mrs. Ward's Squire Wendover writes a book called 'A History of Testimony,' and the similarity of the plan of this work to that of a work called 'Supernatural Religion,' which raised such a storm in the magazines (see *Contemporary Review*, Jan. 1875) just after its publication, has led me to wonder whether Mrs. Ward used the anonymous author as the basis of this erudite character; whether she has any special knowledge of the authorship of the work in question; and whether it has ever got to be generally known who that author was. It seems odd if the author of so strong a book and one of so marked individuality has been able to preserve his incognito. The relation of Elsmere to Wendover seems, in some respects, a parallel to the relation of Matthew Arnold to the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' as displayed in the closing pages of the preface to the sixth edition of the book.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CAN. M. I. L.

1495.—Where can I obtain some work on realism in literature? I should also like to know who are considered the leading realists and realistic writers.

CENTRAL COLLEGE, FAYETTE, MO. G. H. B.

[We know of no book devoted to the subject of realism in literature. The subject was treated quite fully, however, in *The Chautauquan*, Meadville, Pa., in an essay by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, published, we believe, in the October or November number, 1888. 'The Romantic and Realistic Novel' Mr. Boyesen's paper was called. Balzac may be regarded as the founder of the school. Edmond de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet and Emile Zola in French, Tourguéneff and Tolstoï in Russian, Alexander Kielland and Jonas Lie in Norwegian, Saphus Schandorph in Danish, and W. D. Howells and Henry James in English are generally regarded to-day as the chief exponents of what is known as realism in the treatment of fictional themes. But there are different qualities and degrees of realism, as of everything else.]

1496.—Where is the old English ballad, 'The Battle of Agincourt,' to be found?

LITTLETON, N. H. L. D. C.

[Drayton's 'Ballad of Agincourt' may be found in most of the poetical anthologies—as, for instance, Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry,' Bryant's 'Library of Poetry and Song, Fields and Whipple's 'British Poetry,' Sargent's 'Cyclopædia of Poetry,' etc.; also, more correctly printed, in Ward's 'English Poets,' Linton and Stoddard's 'English Verse,' and Rolfe's 'Tales from English History in Prose and Verse' (where the 'various readings' are given and critical notes are added). It is also included in Mrs. Tileston's 'Heroic Ballads,' and a volume of Harper's Half-hour Series, entitled 'Ballads of Battle and Bravery.' It would be easy to extend the list.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT *of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.*

Baldwin, James M. Handbook of Psychology.....Henry Holt & Co.
Blavatsky, H. P. Key to Theosophy.....W. Q. Judge.
Brinton, D. G. Aims and Traits of a World-Language.....Edgar S. Werner.
Dabney, V. Gold that Did Not Glitter. $1.....Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
DeVere, S. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. 25c.....W. R. Jenkins.
Drinker (Elizabeth). Extracts from Journal of. Ed. by H. D. Biddle. $2.
Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Duruy, V. History of France. Tr. by Mrs. M. Carey. $2.....T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Edgerton, J. A. Poems.....Marietta, O.: E. R. Alderman & Sons.
Fradenburgh, J. N. Old Heroes: The Hittites of the Bible. 75c.....Hunt & Eaton.
George, A. J. A. Syllabus of English Literature and History:
Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gore, J. Howard. A Bibliography of Geodesy Appendix No. 16. (1887)
Washington: Coast Survey Bureau.
Hall, Mary L. First Lessons in Geography. 60c.....Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hamerton, P. G. French and English: A Comparison. $2...Boston: Roberts Bros.
Harte, Bret. The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, etc. $1.25.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Heaven, Louise P. Chata and Chinita. $1.50.....Boston: Roberts Bros.
Hurlbut, J. L. Studies in the Four Gospels. 25c.....Hunt & Eaton.
Jackson, A. V. W. A Hymn of Zoroaster. Yasna 31. (Translation.)
Boston: Ginn & Co.
Jacobs, H. B., and Brower, A. L. The Graphic System of Object Drawing.
Nos. 5 and 6.....A. Lovell & Co.
Lea, Henry C. Martyrdom of San Pedro Arbués.....Knickerbocker Press.
Malden, Mrs. Charles. Jane Austen, $1.....Boston: Roberts Bros.
Müller, Max. Three Lectures on the Science of Language. 70c.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Munsey, F. A. A Tragedy of Errors. $1.50.....F. A Munsey & Co.
Muzzarelli, A. Antonymes de la Langue Française.....W. R. Jenkins.
Myers, P. V. N. A General History for Colleges and High Schools. $1.65.
Boston: Ginn & Co.
Nichols, Mary P. Gudrun: A Mediæval Epic. (Translation.) $2.50.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Peacocke, J. M. Disposal of the Dead.....247 Madison St., Brooklyn.
Poulsson, E. Finger Plays for Nursery and Kindergarten. $1.25.
Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Price, Jacob E. The Book Divine. 75c.....Hunt & Eaton.
Rand, E. A. Up North in a Whaler. $1.25.....Thos. Whittaker.
Richards, Ellen H. Domestic Economy in Public Education.
N. Y. College for Training of Teachers.
Stevenson, R. L. The Master of Ballantrae. $1.25.....Charles Scribner's Sons.
Sutherland, E. The Destiny of America.....Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co.
Tales from *Blackwood*. 40c.....White & Allen.
Thomas, Annie. That Other Woman. 30c.....F. F. Lovell & Co.
Thurston, Elizabeth A. The Wrinkled Old Man. 50c.....Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Tolstoi, L. N. War and Peace. Tr. by N. H. Dole. 2 vols. $3. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Tompkins, E. S. De G. An Honest Hypocrite. 50c.....Cassell & Co.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler. Six Portraits. $1.25.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Verne, Jules. Le Tour du Monde. 20c.....W. R. Jenkins.
Vincent, J. H. Church School and Sunday-school Normal Guide. $1. Hunt & Eaton.
Watson, P. B. Swedish Revolution Under Gustavus Vasa. $2.50.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Wordsworth, Selections from. Ed. by A. J. George.....Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Wright, Henrietta C. Children's Stories in English Literature. $1.25.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.